

Indiana Folklife 3/65

Marion 7d Gray

HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN

No. 1

Edited by

Herbert Halpert

INDIANA ROOM

Contents

The Hoosier Folklore Society	1
Announcements	2
Indiana Folktales Herbert Halpert	3
Foreword	3
Cante Fables	5
Tall Tales	12
Fools and Foolers	23
Work and People	27
Other Stories	32
Folklore Bibliography and Abbreviations	34
Suggestions for the Collector	37

Bloomington, Indiana

Vol. I

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THE HOOSIER FOLKLORE SOCIETY

This is the first number of the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, issued by the Hoosier Folklore Society. Further numbers will follow if sufficient interest is aroused; and if individuals, libraries, and schools will give their financial support by becoming members of the Society.

The Hoosier Folklore Society was founded primarily through the efforts of Paul G. Brewster and Robert E. Allen in the autumn of 1937. The first meeting was held at Indiana University, in Bloomington, in April of 1938. There has been an annual meeting since that date. At each meeting there has been at least one out-of-state guest speaker:

In 1938, Mr. Alan Lomax, Assistant in Charge, Archive of American Folk-Song, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

In 1939, at Bloomington, Mr. Seamus O'Duilearga, Hon. Director, The Irish Folklore Commission.

In 1940, at Rockport, Professor Gordon Wilson, President of the Kentucky Folklore Society, and Professor Ivan Walton, President of the Michigan Folklore Society.

In 1941, at Hanover, Mr. John Jacob Niles.

The past presidents of the Society are:

Robert E. Allen
Charles F. Voegelin
Stith Thompson

The past secretaries and treasurers are: Paul G. Brewster, Miss Margaret Sweeney, Mrs. Cecelia H. Hendricks, and Dr. May A. Klipple.

The present officers of the Society are:

President: Herbert Halpert,
Dept. of English, Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

Secretary-Treasurer: Mrs. Ross Hickam
501 East First Street
Bloomington, Indiana

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The next annual meeting of the Society will be held the week-end of August 15, 1942, at Indiana University in Bloomington, in conjunction with the Summer Institute of Folklore. Those wishing to present papers on the program, please communicate with the president.

Membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society, including a subscription to the Bulletin, is One dollar a year.

Joint membership with the American Folklore Society, including a subscription to The Journal of American Folklore and other publications, is available at Four dollars a year, a saving of one dollar.

Money order or check should be made payable to The Hoosier Folklore Society, and sent to Mrs. Ross Hickam, 501 East First Street, Bloomington, Indiana.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY SUMMER INSTITUTE OF FOLKLORE

From June 29 to August 22 this summer, Indiana University will hold a Summer Institute of Folklore. It will be arranged with the interest of several groups in mind: regular university students, practical folklore collectors, the general public, and folklore specialists.

Credit-bearing university courses will be conducted during the eight weeks: Introduction to Folklore; Folksong and Folk Music; Pan-American Folklore Bibliography; The Folktale and Allied Forms; Folklore Collecting and Recording; American Dialects; Field Recording in Foreign Texts; American Indian Folklore.

The local faculty--Stith Thompson, Director, Charles F. Voegelin, Harold Whitehall, Erminie W. Voegelin, and Herbert Halpert--will be supplemented by a group of distinguished visiting folklorists: Alan Lomax, Ralph S. Boggs, John Jacob Niles, George Herzog, and Harold W. Thompson.

During the Institute there will be opportunity for observing, and in some cases, participating in, various forms of folk expression. For further information write to Professor Stith Thompson, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

FOREWORD

Since the founding of the Hoosier Folklore Society, there has been an increasing state-wide interest in folklore. Individuals, schools, music clubs, and local groups are gathering and using this material. The Bulletin hopes to serve a double function: to show what is available in the state, and to guide further efforts in collecting.

In this first number it seems best to concentrate on one particular type of folklore, and on a type that rather surprisingly has not received much attention in this country. It will be seen that the number is devoted to the folktales of the English-speaking White population. The notes in parentheses after each story are not always exhaustive. They are meant to indicate the wide distribution many of these stories have in Europe as well as America, and also to be a guide to some of the more important of the scattered articles and books that contain American folktales.

Some of the tales included here are reported for the first time from America, although they are told over large parts of Europe. It is interesting to find that often a tale told as absolutely new, and about a particular person, may really be hundreds of years old and perhaps known over several continents.

A few of the tales, as is noted in the text, came to the editor from individuals whose interest was aroused by talks. Many of them came in written form from his English Composition students at Indiana University, 1940-41. The phrase "contributed by" followed by the name of the contributor indicates a student source. A number of the stories were told directly to the editor by people who were kind enough to let him take them down as they told them. These are marked "dictated to H. H." All were collected in Indiana. Stories are given in the form in which they were received except for occasional punctuation changes. It is one of the fundamentals of folklore work not to rewrite or change the story as given.

Since folktale tellers, like ballad singers, rarely give titles to their pieces, it is the practice in European and American folktale study to assign a title that will facilitate reference to the story. Wherever possible an accepted title has been used. Dr. Thompson suggested several new ones; for the others the editor is responsible.

It is planned to have future numbers of the Bulletin devoted to various other aspects of Indiana folklore: songs, games, children's rhymes, beliefs, play-party songs, witch tales, place-name stories, local legends, and so on.

We will not confine ourselves only to the English-speaking tradition represented by those whose folks came into the state across from Massachusetts and New York, or up from North Carolina and Kentucky. In addition we hope to represent the early folklore strata of the French at Vincennes, and the older German and Swiss settlements at such places as Oldenburg and Vevay; and the more recent, and often more active, folk tradition of the Serbians at Blanford, and the many groups in our northern industrial area. There is also an unexplored wealth of Negro folklore in Indiana which needs to be investigated.

Folklore lives in the words and actions of people. It is true that story patterns remain recognizably constant across much of two hemispheres. A song melody known in America has been traced across Europe into the Near East. This is the universal factor in folklore: what is shared by many peoples. But in each country, even in each locality, folklore takes on a particular coloring that makes it truly representative of the people. They shape it to their way of looking at life. In fact, each individual molds the material to fit his own experience and character. In this Bulletin we shall try to give something of the people from whom the folklore is secured; to show, if we can, what makes it Indiana folklore.

Folk material for the Archive of the Hoosier Folklore Society, and for possible publication in the Bulletin, should be sent to the editor. Comments on this issue and suggestions for future ones will be appreciated. The continuance and size of the Bulletin will depend entirely on the work of actual collectors that we can stimulate, and, from a practical point of view, on the number of persons whose financial support we obtain.

Acknowledgements. The editor wishes to express his gratitude to those who have helped with this number. His thanks, and those of the Hoosier Folklore Society, are due to the many who contributed folktales, and to their friends who told them the stories: particularly to Miss Mildred Aveline, Miss Irene McLean, Miss Emma Robinson. Professor Stith Thompson gave generously of his time and advice in reading the manuscript and suggesting the form, and in addition has greatly enhanced the value of the Bulletin by checking the Type* and Motif* analysis of the stories. Miss Violetta Maloney gave excellent editorial advice. Miss Margaret Tower worked patiently on the manuscript and made a number of very practical suggestions. The editor also wishes to express his gratitude to Indiana University and to the American Council of Learned Societies, since this Bulletin was prepared during the term of fellowships granted by them.

*For Type and Motif, see the bibliography.

CANTE FABLES

It is with much satisfaction that the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin presents two stories that are in the cante fable form, that is, prose interspersed with song. As the editor has pointed out elsewhere (see bibliography), few versions of the cante fable have been reported from the English-speaking White population in America. At some later time we hope to remedy the necessary omission of the melodies to which the songs were sung.

In October, 1940, the editor talked about folklore at the Indiana State Teachers' Convention in Indianapolis. At the close Miss McLean came up and mentioned "Parson Brown." The editor asked her to write it down and suggested that she give full details of how she learned it. On October 25, he received the following letter. Now one of the first things a collector learns is that no one ever writes and sends him a story as promised. But Miss McLean was better than her word, for she sent not one, but two, copies of the story--her own and her sister's. And since both learned it at the same time, she has given us material for one of the most interesting aspects of how folklore grows, by showing how it has changed even in one family tradition. Her analysis of the differences between the two forms is so good that we herewith present Miss McLean's contribution completely unedited.

"Last night we had a folk lore session at our house. I persuaded my sister, Mrs. Haitlen, to write down 'Parson Brown' as she remembered it, and I did the same. We did not consult one another until the versions were completed. I had hesitated over the question as to whether the stanza beginning "Father has stolen" should be repeated at the request of the preacher. I think we sometimes interpolated it for the sheer fun of lengthening the song. I believe my sister's more expansive variant of the conversation at that same point is better. I think she just slipped over the use of pound once. So I changed that. I myself changed pretty blue to very sad before I knew what my sister would write. Otherwise our variants are remarkably like, it seems to me. We each have a tendency to omit words when out of breath.

"In about 1902 or 1903 a girl named Nita McElheinny (or McIlheny) attended Grace Episcopal Sunday School in Muncie. She was from one of the Carolinas and lived in or near Muncie only a year or two. She and her sister taught my sister and me the words of 'Parson Brown,' which we thought so funny that we would shout it over our dishwashing. I have always assumed that Nita brought the song with her from the South. But for a while she attended a country school near

Boyceton just east of Muncie. It is possible that she acquired the song on the playground there. At least she spoke of singing it with school mates to whom she may have taught it.

"P. S. Mrs. Herbert T. Buell of near Camby, who comes from southeastern Tennessee, says that she knew 'Parson Brown' when she was a child."

1A. Parson Brown

Written by Irene A. McLean.

There was a man in our town
Went by the name of Parson Brown,
Gentle man of bright renown;
And he was a parson.

Christmas Day was drawing near;
Father, he was very poor;
So we had neither beef nor beer
For our Christmas dinner.

I asked Pa what we were going to have and he said, "Nothing." I went down the street feeling very sad.* When I came back, I found out Pa had stolen the Parson's black sheep. You bet I was glad but I told Pa I was going to tell. He said he'd lick me if I did. But I went down the street singing:

Father has stolen the Parson's black sheep;
Now we'll have both pudding and meat;
Merry Christmas we shall keep,
Black sheep for our dinner.

Just then the old Parson stuck his head out of the window and said, "Little girl, sing that again."

So I began to sing:

Father has stolen the Parson's black sheep;
Now we'll have both pudding and meat;
Merry Christmas we shall keep,
Black sheep for our dinner.

The old Parson said, "Little girl, sing that again for me next Sunday in church on the platform?"

I said, "If you'll give me a nice new dress and half a crown, I will."

*"pretty blue" crossed out.

So next Sunday I got up on the platform in church. I had a nice new dress on and a half a crown in my hand. The old Parson said, "Now, people, listen carefully. Every word this little girl says is the gospel truth."

So I began to sing:

I was walking down the street;
I met a Parson dressed so neat;
Molly Green was raking hay;
He stepped up and kissed her.

He took me by the shoulder and shook me and said, "You naughty, naughty little girl! Get right out of this church! I didn't tell you to sing that at all!" So I went out of the church singing:

How I cheated Parson Brown
Of a nice new dress and a half a crown,
Telling people all around
How he kissed Miss Molly!

1B. Parson Brown

Written down by Miss McLean's sister, Mrs. Maitlen.

(To be sung)

There was a man in our town
Who went by the name of Parson Brown;
Gentle man of great renown
And he was a parson.

Christmas Day was drawing near;
Father he was very poor;
So we had neither beef nor beer
For our Christmas dinner.

(To be spoken)

I asked pa what we were going to have and he said "Nothin'," so I went down the street feeling very sad. When I came back, I found out that pa had stolen the parson's black sheep. You bet I was glad but I told pa I was going to tell. He said he'd lick me if I did, but I went down the street singing:

(To be sung)

Father has stolen the parson's black sheep;
Now we will have both pudding and meat;
Merry Christmas we shall keep,
Black sheep for our dinner--

(To be spoken)

Just then the old parson stuck his head out of the window and said, "Little girl, sing that again;" so I sang it over and the parson said, "Little girl, sing that on the platform for me next Sunday in church;" and I said, "Oh, no, I can't." The parson said, "Why?" And I said, "Oh, I haven't any new dress;" and the parson said, "If I give you a new dress and a half a crown, will you?" So I said, "Oh well, I guess so."

So next Sunday came around and I got up on the platform. I had a nice pretty new dress on and a half a crown* in my hand, and the preacher said, "Now folks, listen carefully, for every word this little girl says is the gospel truth--" So I began to sing

(To be sung)

As I was walking down the street,
I met a parson dressed so neat;
Molly Green was raking hay,
And he stepped up and kissed her.

(To be spoken)

He grabbed me by the shoulder, and shook me, and said, "You naughty, naughty little girl you; get right out of this church; I didn't tell you to sing that at all!" So I went out the church singing

(To be sung)

How I cheated parson Brown
Nice new dress and a half a crown,
Telling people all around
How he kissed Miss Molly.

(This is Type 1735*A (Folklore Fellows Communications, No. 90). See Addy, p. 18; and Negro version in G. B. Johnson, Folk Culture on St. Helena Island, South Carolina, pp. 141-142. The editor has an unpublished text from New Jersey. Compare also R. S. Boggs, "North Carolina White Folktales and Riddles," JAFI XLVII (1934), 311.)

The next cante fable came as the result of a radio talk on folklore by the editor. Mrs. Melcher was inspired to tell the story, and was kind enough to dictate it and the vivid description of the setting in which she heard it.

*"pound" crossed out in ms.

"I was just a real small girl--it's forty years ago to say the least. It was down in Kentucky on a farm. I would say twelve miles out from Horse Cave, Kentucky, where we lived at that time. This cousin just got all of us children, and he had us turn out the lamps, and we just had the light from the fireplace. Make it a little more spooky, of course. It was an old-fashioned frame house, long, with a low porch all across the front. Yard had a rail fence around.

"We were in the kitchen--our house had a big fireplace in it. It's funny how I can think back--it sounds so pioneer, but it was the truth. You go back in Kentucky, and you'll find it's just like that now. The stove would always set right beside the fireplace with the stovepipe running into your fireplace chimney. We used the fireplace for heat and the stove for cooking.

"It was in the evening after supper--we always had supper; it was never called dinner. We had dinner at noon and supper in the evening. We went to bed about 7:30. Get a licking if we didn't get in bed by 7:30. Of course, you see, the farmers get up at 4:30 to do their chores. Those women would have a big washin' out on the line by eight o'clock.

"This cousin, he was just a haphazard type--a witty type. Liked to go around telling stories and frightening small children. His name was Will Tosh. He was probably a boy at that time, about--about twenty maybe. He was just a grown boy. I was about eight. On my mother's side--mother's name was Clara Etta Jewell. My name was Milby--father, Byron Hutchison--our people (father's) years and years ago came from Virginia to Kentucky. They were English.

"It was just my own brothers and sisters. There were five of us altogether. And he had his dog sittin' on the hearth--his name was Jack--and it made the story sorta natural. O' course he wanted to know if we wanted to hear a nice ghost story--and if we wanted to, to turn the lights out. So of course the story went":

2. The Rash Dog And The Bloody Head

Dictated to H. H. by Mrs. Otis Milby Helcher, Bloomington, Indiana, November 3, 1940.

There was a haunted house where no one would stay all night--that they claimed between midnight and three o'clock in the morning--that a bloody head would fall down the chimney into the hearth. (Right then and there the children would begin to shake.) They offered anyone two hundred dollars to stay all night there, and this boy said he would if he could take his dog with him. (You see what made this story so real was--there's your chimney, and there's your dog.)

He went and he thought he'd make it more cheerful by starting a little fire in the fireplace. So he and his dog--they were to sit up all night you see, and see what did happen. He was sitting in front of the fireplace, and the dog was sitting near him. Nothing happened until twelve, and he begin to feel that he'd just about earned part of his money anyway. Then at a distance he heard a faint noise that said:

(sung very quietly)

"Me tie dough-ty walker!"

Then his dog answered and said:

(sung quietly)

"Lynchee kinchy colly molly dingo dingo!"

He told the dog, "You be quiet!"

Just a few minutes the voice came again--and it was closer. He says that about five or six time, but each time it's coming closer and closer. When he gets nearer it gets louder--then the dog gets louder. Each time it gets louder, and he tries to stop the dog from answering, because he thinks that--he didn't want this ha'nt to know that he was in there--but he couldn't quiet the dog, so each time this ha'nt would holler. First it sounded as if it was way out in the woods; and the next time it seemed closer to the house; and the third time it seemed like it was in the yard. And by the fourth time it sounded like it was round the chimney corner--it was comin' towards the chimney--and 'bout the fifth time it was on the roof. It was real loud; it was:

"Me tie dough-ty walker!"

Dog: "Lynchee kinchy colly molly dingo dingo!"

The last it hollers comin' right down the chimney--real loud:

"ME TIE DOUGH-TY WALKER!!"--

and the dog just brazenly answered:

"LYNCHEE KINCHY COLLY MOLLY DINGO DINGO!!!"

Then the bloody head fell to the hearth--and the dog just fell over--died from fright.

We were all so tense then--and he said:

"BOO!!!"

and all the children screamed. We were all listening to see what really happened--whether he picked up the dog--you would naturally want to know what happened--and he said: "Boo." (I was always scared of haunted houses after that. I used to run past a haunted house all the time.)

This goes on from about twelve to two o'clock--you've got to make him sit there scared. It come about every half hour. He'd think, "Maybe I won't hear that." He's tryin' to stick it out to make his money. You must remember two hundred dollars wasn't earned easily in those days.

The tune--you make it sound sad. A haunted story--you want to sing . . . it out--draw it out to make it sound more. If you can get in your mind that it's sung by a real-scary bloody head. He took his dog for company and that was the worst thing. He'd sort of say it in a howl--I can just picture the dog sittin' on the hearth lookin' up the chimney. He's just eggin' this thing on. The feller made a quick get-away, and of course he never got his money.

(This is a special variety of Type 326, Motif H 1411.1, Fear test: staying in haunted house where corpse drops piecemeal down chimney. Some other stories and rhymes used for scaring children are given here. They are mostly of the general Motif H 1410 ff., or the group under Motif E 235, Return from dead to punish indignities to corpse, or ghost. Miss Gilchrist remarks, "The object of such terrifying recitals is to key the innocent listener up to the proper pitch of absorbed interest and sense of the uncanny by a sotto voce and mysterious imparting of the story, and then suddenly to startle him with a violent climax or scream."

See Boggs, JAFI XLVII (1934), 296-297; Chambers, pp. 53-55, 64-66; FL XXV (1914), 355; A. G. Gilchrist, "The Bone," FL L (1939), 378-379; Halliwell, pp. 25-26, reprinted in Jacobs, pp. 57-58; R. Hunt, Popular Romances of the West of England, pp. 452-453; Henderson, pp. 338-339, reprinted in Jacobs, pp. 138-139; B. M. Dobie, "Tales and Rhymes of a Texas Household," PTFI VI (1927), 41-42; J. C. Harris, Nights with Uncle Remus, No. 29. Also: FL VIII (1897), 393-394; JAFI II (1889), 60-62; F. W. Waugh, "Canadian Folk-Lore from Ontario," JAFI XXXI (1918), 82; C. Johnson, pp. 262-263; Brewster, p. 268; J. H. Cox, "Negro Tales from West Virginia," JAFI XLVII (1934), 341-342; E. C. Parsons, Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas, MAFI XIII; an unpublished Negro text from New Jersey, Halpert ms. Consult Gilchrist, Dobie, Brewster, and Cox for further references.

Miss Gilchrist mentions that a German example is "of the nature of a cante fable as it alternates between song and speech." Our own story is, of course, also a cante fable as are texts in Chambers, Parsons, and Halpert ms.)

TALL TALES, WINDIES, AND "JUST PLAIN LIES"

Apparently tall stories are as popular in Indiana as they are over the rest of the country. They form the largest group in this Bulletin. Many of the hunting and other "lying" stories that seem particularly American in flavor are well-known in Europe and are very old.

We get an interesting background sketch from Miss Jackson for the two stories that follow.

"Ours is a typical small town, with its Main Street, drug store, and old homes. There is only one thing about our town that makes it any different from any other quarry town of southern Indiana; we have a river. On the river there is a falling-down house boat where Bun White, the town's favorite reprobate lives. The neighbors say his liver is white from drinking rubbing alcohol and Bay Rum. The fact that he is drunk every Saturday night, that the best sign of spring is when Bun starts going barefoot, that he is good to children and they all love him, that he is a terrible liar and unbearably conceited, and the fact that he has an excellent sense of humor, make him the topic of general conversation. There are some stories about Bun White that will soon be folklore in Owen County, and this is one of the favorites."

3. With Its Heart Shot Out

Contributed by E. Ann Jackson, of Owen County, December, 1940.

One fall day Bun saw some men going quail hunting. He asked them where they were going and offered to go along. He went into the house boat and came back with a rifle. The men told Bun to get his shot gun, that he couldn't possibly shoot quail with a rifle since they are too small and fast. But Bun said he could shoot quail with his rifle, that he had before. As they hunted, he told them of wonderful feats he had performed with his rifle. They could find no quail, so they returned without seeing Bun shoot. As they got back toward town, one of the men sent his dog out to scare up a crow so Bun could prove his skill. The crow flew up. Bun raised his rifle and shot. The bird flew on. "There she goes, there she goes!--flying away with her heart shot out!" Bun cried.

(This story touches on various groups of tales. It belongs to the stories of wonderful hunts, Type 1839, Motif X 910. The main point, however, seems to be the clever answer to cover up his failure, like many of the motifs listed between J 1440 and 1499.)

4A. Too Busy To Tell A Lie

Contributed by E. Ann Jackson, Owen County, Indiana, October, 1941.

There is a man near home who is famous as a liar. One day a group of men were working on the road when he came along. One of the road workers asked him to tell a lie for them; but Bun said he did not have time to tell them a lie today, because old Mr. Beem had died and he had to go in town to get help. All the workers were very sorry, and after Bun had gone on they decided to go back to see if they could help. After they had gotten quite a way down the road toward Beem's, they met old Mr. Beem walking to town for food.

4B. Too Busy To Tell A Lie

Contributed by Vern Chelton, of Gary, Indiana, December, 1940.

Henry was known as the town's biggest liar. He seemed to be in an unusual hurry one day when a fellow townsman asked him to tell a story. "Sorry," said Henry, "I'm going to the drug store to get some medicine for my dying daughter, Joan." The townsman was puzzled; he hadn't even heard that Joan was ill. Upon investigation, he found Joan playing hop-scotch with another girl. "Well," he thought, "Henry is still upholding his reputation."

(This is Type 1920 B, The one says, "I have not time to lie," and yet lies.)

5. The Trip Under Ice

Contributed by Howard Gooley, December, 1940, as told him by Mrs. Walt Kahlenbeck, of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Old Man Barva was just a kid and was on the ice of a nearby lake when the ice broke, plunging him into the icy water beneath the ice. He lived to tell this tale to eager listeners who gathered round him in the old general store of the country town.

"After I fell through, I couldn't get out. By Gee God, sir, I hadda swim two miles under the ice to get out at a riffle."

(This is Motif X 913, Man under the ice. For another version see W. Martin and B. A. Botkin, "Paul Bunyan on the Water Pipeline," Folk-Say, A Regional Miscellany, 1929, p. 61.)

The editor felt that Miss Robinson's description of how she took down from her aunt the three stories which follow was so unusual that he asked her to dictate it to him.

" . . . The next morning after breakfast--when she was washing up the breakfast dishes and the cream separator--I put the typewriter across the table from her. I had the list of stories, but she didn't see it because I kept it on the chair next to me. I think people get apprehensive when they see a long list of stuff. We went at it about seven o'clock in the morning to about eight-thirty. Then while she was starting dinner, I finished. I gave her plenty of time to think of the word she wanted--she was obviously trying to remember the way Grandfather used to tell it--Grandfather David Beswick. When she'd get far enough ahead of me, I'd yell, 'Hey, whoa!' and she'd stop till I caught up. She's about sixty-three or sixty-four."

6. The Breathing Tree

Secured by Emma Robinson from the dictation of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Fyfee, Monroe County, Indiana, May, 1941.

I was walkin' through the woods and spied a wild peach tree growin'. And of course, you know, I thought, "Here's where I get me some peaches." I started to climb into the tree, and I thought I saw the body of the tree move. And I thinks, "Well, that can't be." So I stood and watched, and sure enough it was movin'--it did move. So I decided I'd get me an ax and see what was the matter. I chopped that tree down, and, do you know, that tree was full of mice all a-gettin' their breath at the same time and a-makin' the sides of that tree go in and out.

(A good version of this is found in G. Anderson, "Tennessee Tall Tales," TFSB V (1939), 57-58, where it is coons instead of mice.)

7. Out of His Skin

Secured by Emma Robinson from the dictation of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Fyfee, May, 1941.

Another time 'long in the fall of the year I was out huntin', and as I come up 'long the crick bank, I spied a coon a-layin' right close to the root of a tree that stuck out some into the water. What with winter comin' on, thinks I, "Here's where I get me a coon skin to make me a fur cap." Well, sir, jest about then that coon spied me and started inchin' back in on that elbow, so quick-like I shoved me hand in me pocket for a bullet, but I couldn't find a one. All I

had was my ramrod. So I rammed it into my gun and fired just as that coon started off. Well sir, I hit him. That ramrod caught him right through the bushy part of his tail and he come slidin' down the high side of that elbow. He looked at me kinds surprised-like, and the next thing I knowed he jest shucked outa his skin and went a-tailin' it through the woods. And what did I do? Well, I jest picked up my coon skin and come off home.

(Compare Type 1896, Motif X 922, The nailed wolf's tail, a Munchausen tale. For other caught animals which leave their skins see J. Clark, "Big Lies from Grassy," JAFI XLVII (1934), 391 (Ky.); W. T. Cleare, "Four Folk-Tales from Fortune Island, Bahamas," JAFI XXX (1917), 229 (Negro); A. H. Fauset, Folklore from Nova Scotia, MAFL XXIV, 73 (Negro); G. P. Smith, "Folklore from 'Egypt,'" JAFI LIV, 50-1 (Ill.).)

8. The Durable Watch

Secured by Emma Robinson from the dictation of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Fyffee, May, 1941.

Another time in huntin' season I went out huntin', and I was walkin' along through a briar patch. I was a-goin' 'long and not findin' nothin' to shoot at so he* decided it was about time that he went home. So he reached in for his watch and he couldn't find it. He'd lost it some'ers. Well sir, he back-tracked thinkin' maybe he would find it. But sir, he never found hide nor hair-spring ot it. So he jest give up and come off home. Next year about the same time he went out huntin' again, and as he was a-goin' through the same briar patch, there hung his watch as big as life--and still a-tickin'.

(Sandburg, p. 80, mentions a watch that was swallowed by a cow--but still running a year later.)

For the next story, the editor owes personal thanks to Dr. Erminie Voegelin, of our Society, who was elected this year to the editorship of The Journal of American Folklore.

*Collector's Note: "Mrs. Fyffee started to tell it in the first person, but thinking of grandfather changed it to 'he.'"

9. Insects As Singing Sailors

Dictated to H. H. by Roscoe Wheeler, 73, of Berkeley, California. Told in Bloomington, Indiana, September 19, 1941.

This party named Os Currier--he was from Cape Ann, Massachusetts. About '75 it was. And somebody was asking him about California--the rain and other things. And he said, "Oh yes, it was quite interesting out there." He could look out of his bedroom window at the pond in the yard with the floating wood, and he could see and hear the fleas singing "Life on the Ocean Wave."

That was in San Francisco about '75; they were awful. He was a humorous sort of fellow. He could tell stories to beat the band.

(This story is always amusing localized about the native insect pest. It is told in N. Y. and N. J. of bedbugs who sing respectively "Pull for the Shore," Thompson, p. 280, and "I'm Out on the Ocean Sailing," Halpert ms. See also a Negro version with a sandfly and mosquito as the sailors in E. C. Parsons, "Spirituals and Other Folklore from the Bahamas," JAFI XLI (1938), 519.)

10. The Fish That Drowned

Contributed by James A. Ricketts, December, 1940. He says, "I heard this story in Howard County, Indiana, about three years ago."

I used to walk across a bridge going home from work. I noticed a catfish would follow me along in the water. I started feeding him the crumbs from my lunch bucket and so every night he would follow me. One evening I forgot all about him until I was almost home. I looked back and saw the catfish following me. Before I could get him back into the water he was drowned.

(For fish that drown, see Thomas, pp. 66-71; J. Stevens, "Fishermen's Paradise and the Onion Pines," Folk-Say, 1931, pp. 131-141. For other fish on dry land stories, see E. C. Beck, Songs of the Michigan Lumberjacks, pp. 283, 286.)

Both Miss McClintic and the editor are in doubt as to whether the next story is a tall tale or just another example of how intelligent animals can be.

had was my ramrod. So I rammed it into my gun and fired just as that coon started off. Well sir, I hit him. That ramrod caught him right through the bushy part of his tail and he come slidin' down the nigh side of that elbow. He looked at me kinds surprised-like, and the next thing I knowed he jest shucked outa his skin and went a-tailin' it through the woods. And what did I do? Well, I jest picked up my coon skin and come off home.

(Compare Type 1896, Motif X 922, The nailed wolf's tail, a Munchausen tale. For other caught animals which leave their skins see J. Clark, "Big Lies from Grassy," JAFI XLVII (1934), 391 (Ky.); W. T. Cleare, "Four Folk-Tales from Fortune Island, Bahamas," JAFI XXX (1917), 229 (Negro); A. H. Fauset, Folklore from Nova Scotia, MAFI XXIV, 73 (Negro); G. P. Smith, "Folklore from 'Egypt,'" JAFI LIV, 50-1 (Ill.).)

8. The Durable Watch

Secured by Emma Robinson from the dictation of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Fyffee, May, 1941.

Another time in huntin' season I went out huntin', and I was walkin' along through a briar patch. I was a-goin' 'long and not findin' nothin' to shoot at so he* decided it was about time that he went home. So he reached in for his watch and he couldn't find it. He'd lost it some'ers. Well sir, he back-tracked thinkin' maybe he would find it. But sir, he never found hide nor hair-spring ot it. So he jest give up and come off home. Next year about the same time he went out huntin' again, and as he was a-goin' through the same briar patch, there hung his watch as big as life--and still a-tickin'.

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Both Miss McClintic and the editor are in doubt as to whether the next story is a tall tale or just another example of how intelligent animals can be.

11. The Intelligent Rats

Dictated to H. H. by Elizabeth McClintic, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, April 24, 1942.

A judge from Maryland, visiting in West Virginia, told this to us. He was a very small solemn man and just sat there and said it was true.

They tore down an old house on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and behind the chimney they found a great many oyster shells. The theory used to explain it was that rats got oysters over in the Bay, and they couldn't open the shells themselves. So they brought them back to the house and put them behind the chimney where the heat opened them.

My mother just sat there and said, "Why, Judge!"

(This, as well as several of the preceding stories, belongs under Motif B 750, Fanciful habits of animals.)

Miss McClintic dictated to the editor the amusing comments that precede the following story to help give the atmosphere of the setting in which she learned it.

"It was told me by a distant cousin of mine, a woman, who lived up in the country, Pocahantas County, West Virginia. I presume she got it from somebody up there, I don't know. It was years ago. I do remember my father snorted and said it was a very old story and he'd heard it years before. It's important that it is a blacksnake in the story because farmers consider blacksnakes friendly. Blacksnakes eat rats, you see, and they're good to have around the barn. That's the sort of thing you don't have to tell when you're telling the story in that part of the country, because everybody knows it. My grandfather kept a pet blacksnake in the barn. It slept on the rafters. And one night it fell off the rafter around my uncle's neck--and he killed it.

12. The Convivial Snake

Dictated to H. H. by Elizabeth McClintic, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, April 24, 1942.

A man was goin' fishin' one day and he didn't have any bait. On the way he saw a blacksnake tryin' to swallow a frog. So he took the frog away from the blacksnake, and he felt sort of sorry for the blacksnake, and so he took out a bottle of moonshine and poured a little down the blacksnake's throat. He went on fishin', and he'd been fishin' a while--

he felt somethin' tuggin' at his trouser leg. And he looked down and there was the blacksnake--(quietly and after a pause) with another frog.

(For other variants see Thomas, pp. 38-45; "Legends of Febold Feboldson and Antoine Barada," Nebraska Folklore Pamphlets, No. 8, Sept. 15, 1937, pp. 3-4.)

13. The Poisonous Hoop-Snake

Contributed by Vern Chelton, Gary, Indiana, December, 1940.

Farmer Brown was driving his team of horses home one day when along the road came a hoop-snake at a terrific rate of speed. Not having time to get the wagon from the snake's path, the farmer saw the snake bite the wagon's tongue. The tongue swelled to such an extent that Mr. Brown cut a hundred and fifty feet of lumber from it.

(As is well-known to folklorists, hoop-snakes and occasionally rattlesnakes, are so poisonous that they often make hoe handles and wagon tongues swell to vast proportions. They belong under Motif B 765, Fanciful qualities of animals. The hoop-snake is B 765.1. See Anderson, TFSB V (1939), 61; Boatright, pp. 8-10 (Texas); Thomas, pp. 164-167 (several stories); PTFLS VIII (1930), 123. For other dangers, particularly the destructive poisoning of trees, see F. D. Bergen, Animal and Plant Lore, MAFL VII, 87; H. M. Hyatt, Folk-Lore from Adams County Illinois, pp. 71-72, No. 1598; C. Johnson, pp. 99-100; JAFI XL (1927), 92 and 203, No. 1461; XLVII (1934), 279-280; LI (1938), 56; PTFLS IV (1925), 8-9, 46-47; V (1926), 71, 76-77; VIII (1930), 127-128; SFQ I, No. 1, pp. 46-47, 53-54; Folk-Say, 1931, pp. 106-107; Sandburg, p. 89.)

14. The Powerful Mosquito

Contributed by James A. Ricketts, December, 1940. He says, "I heard this story in Howard County, Indiana, about three years ago."

I have a mosquito story that I'm sure you will believe. I was lying on my bunk in my shack down in Panama. A big mosquito came by and couldn't see where he was going. So what did he do but run his beak through screen. Well sir, he had halitosis, which I couldn't stand, so I reached up and tied a knot in his beak. But do you know what that mosquito did? He flew away with the screen.

(Giant insects are listed under Motif B 874. For a variety of mosquito stories see Thomas, pp. 127-157. A popular story is that of the powerful mosquito, which pierces an object, and when its bill is clinched down on the other

side, flies away with the object. See Anderson, TFSB V (1939), 62; Thomas, p. 138; best known is the story of piercing and carrying away a metal kettle. See Boatright, pp. 72-73; C. Carmer, Listen For a Lonesome Drum, p. 379; SFQ V (1941), 116-117; Hurston, p. 134; New Jersey Guide (compiled by Federal Writers Project), p. 130; Shephard, p. 57; Thomas, pp. 127-130; Thompson, p. 133.)

15. Mosquitoes In Pants

Contributed November, 1940, by Mira L. Glass of Bloomington, Indiana, who comes originally from Wakefield, Massachusetts. She says, "This is a story passed on from the Jibboom Club, New London, Connecticut, about 1900. It is a family story--from my grandfather."

Two members of the Jibboom Club, old-time whalers, who like to go down the harbor fishing--or just sailing in their small boats, were swapping stories about mosquitoes that plagued New London that summer. "Why," said Cap'n Crandall, "a swarm of mosquitoes settled on my sail and covered it so's you couldn't see it, and when they left, they took away every thread of canvas with 'em. Ain't that so, Wash? You was just astern o' me." "Sure, I saw 'em go by," said Cap'n Wash Comstock, "an' every last one of 'em had a pair o' white duck pants on."

(See Thomas, pp. 133-138. This belongs to the Contests in lying under Type 1920 A.)

16. The Ice Projectile

Contributed by James A. Ricketts, December, 1940. He says, "I heard this story about three years ago in Howard County, Indiana."

I went out hunting one day and, boy! was it cold. I was going back to the shack when I saw a bear charging me. I loaded the gun with powder, but I didn't have any lead. Beads of sweat popped out on me and froze immediately. I put them in the gun and fired. It was a tense moment. The sweat melted when the gun fired, but froze after it left the muzzle. I hit the bear in the head--and the bear died of water on the brain.

(See C. Carmer, The Hudson, pp. 375-376; Thomas, pp. 102-104. For references to other tall tales of extreme cold, see Smith, JAFI LIV (1941), 50. This belongs to the Munchausen type of hunting tales which are listed between Types 1390-1909, Motifs under X 921.)

17. The Wonderful Shot

Contributed by Vern Chelton, of Gary, Indiana, December, 1940.

One morning while John was on his hunting trip, he saw two deer grazing near his cabin. With his rifle in hand, he slipped up on the unsuspecting deer. He took careful aim and fired. One deer fell immediately, the other trotted off a distance and also fell. The bullet not only went through the two deer, but also killed a rabbit as it was scampering across the field.

(For references see the notes to the next story.)

The young man who dictated the following comment and tale uncovers a possible treasure lode for Indiana collectors in his information about Liars' Clubs. The Society would like to know all about such clubs, who belongs, how they function, when they started, and so on--and, of course, the stories themselves. It is too bad the tale given here has the unnecessary touch of a realistic conclusion, but like Mr. Jenkins, the conscientious folktale collector gives the story exactly as it is told to him.

"This came from an old man who lived down in Southern Indiana--Scott County. I heard about it three years ago, directly from him. He was a member of the Liars' Club. (Where are they?) In different parts of the country and through here; there are several through here. Regular clubs --they just go there and tell their tall stories. (Do they meet regularly?) Yeah--I know there's one in Mooresville. (Where do they get their stories?) Make 'em up; hear 'em--first one place then another; imagination. (Are they old, these clubs?) Yeah, they're older'n hell. I've known about these liars' clubs ever since I was a little feller. (Have you ever been to 'em?) No, you have to be a member. I was never as good a liar." (Grinning.)

18. The Wonderful Hunt

Dictated to H. H. by Robert Jenkins, Bloomington, Indiana, May 30, 1941.

Feller started out hunting one day and with a muzzle loading rifle, and he had two bullets and one dram of powder. And walking through the woods and came upon a deer which was sleeping under a large tree, and in this tree was a wild turkey. An' he stood there and thought because he wanted to get the deer and the turkey too. So after he made his decision he loaded his gun with this one dram of powder and the two bullets, thinking that he could shoot the deer

first and then aim his rifle and get the turkey with the next bullet. So he shot the deer an' he raised his rifle real quick--but wasn't quite quick enough. The second bullet struck the limb on which the turkey was standing and split the limb so the turkey's feet were caught. He was pinned there. And as he started to go forward to get the deer, this large tree just toppled over into a stream.

Well, he cut the juglar vein of the deer so it would bleed and started out into the stream after the turkey. The water came up to his shoulders in the stream--pretty tall guy too, about six-five and skinny--and before he could get to the limb that the turkey was on, his shirt became a net and was filled with fish. He waded out on the opposite bank with his turkey and his fish, and just as he started to lay the turkey down, he saw a rabbit. He had nothing to kill the rabbit with, so he took off his shoe and threw it at the rabbit--which killed it.

He threw the shoe very hard, and after it killed the rabbit, the shoe glanced high into the tree; and when it came to earth it brought down a squirrel with it.--He was gettin' everything, wasn't he?--On its way down, the shoe hit a hornet's nest. These hornets started buzzing around and the man became scared. He started running--(his fiancée interrupted at this point and asked, "Are you telling it right?"-- he answered sharply, "I'm telling it as it was told to me.")--and he ran and he ran and he ran and before he knew it he was back to the little town in which he lived.

He told all the loafers at the general store of his experiences an' proceeded to ask their help to bring home the game. They didn't believe him, but they consented to go. Arriving at the place where he had had all his luck, the only thing they found was an old rusty rifle and an empty spirits bottle--empty jug. That's the end of it.

(Various forms of the wonderful hunt story are popular in America. The hunter takes at most two shots, occasionally shooting his ramrod, and sometimes his gun bursts; but he invariably gets a remarkable quantity of game, often ending with fish in his boots, or trousers. See Types 1890, 1891, 1894, and various motifs under X 921. For a large number of variants, see Thomas, pp. 89-102. Some others are: Anderson, TFSB V (1939), 58-59; R. Chase, "Jack's Hunting Trip," SFQ II (1938), 145-148; Fauset, MAFL XXIV, 75-76; J. C. Harris, Uncle Remus and His Friends, No. 21; Hurston, pp. 151-152; Shephard, pp. 93-94; Thompson, pp. 137, 290.)

19. The Disastrous Sneeze

Contributed by Mira L. Glass, Bloomington, Indiana, November 26, 1940. Secured from Emma Robinson, of Bloomington, in whose family the story is traditional.

A young man* went skating one day and was skimming over the ice with such speed that he failed to see an air hole in his path. He plunged through with so much force that his head was cut off by the sharp edge of the ice and kept going on. Not fully aware of his plight, the young man kept on skating under the ice until, quite fortunately, he came up through another air hole just as his head came along. He went home and did not realize that his head had been cut off until that evening as he sat by the fireside. There he sneezed, and his head flew off behind the backlog.

(There is a European story, the reference to which I have been unable to find, of a razor-like sword which left the head on the man's shoulders, so that he didn't know he was dead until he took snuff. If any of our readers know where this can be found, please write the editor.)

20. "I'm The Biggest Liar"

Contributed by Vern Chelton, of Gary, Indiana, December, 1940. He got it from his sister.

As Jim was going home one day, after making a round of the dime stores in town, he bumped into a pugnacious looking fellow who he thought was in the same trade. "How's business?" said the stranger. Jim, being a boastful lad, explained how he had stolen twenty-five knives, ten toy guns, and a dollar's worth of candy.

"Do you know who I am?" said the stranger.--"No," said Jim honestly.--"Well, I'm a detective," said the stranger. Jim, thinking this over, said, "Do you know who I am?" --"No," said the detective.--"Well, I'm the biggest damn liar in town," said Jim.

(See J. M. Brewer, "Juneteenth," PTFLS X (1932), 20-21; Thomas, pp. 122-123. This is a variation of Motif J 1155, "Then I woke up," in which a man discredits his confession by declaring it all a dream, a motif found in Type 1790.)

*Collector's note: "The name of any Bloomington man that the storyteller thinks appropriate is used."

FOOLS AND FOOLERS

Stories about fools and about deceptions practiced on people are world-wide. In America, both Whites and Negroes often tell them about Irishmen; but almost everywhere stories of foolish misunderstandings or foolish behavior are foisted upon some individual in the community. Our group of such yarns is small, but Mr. Paul Brewster has collected several in the state, and this suggests that others must be known.

21. Deceptive Crop Division

Contributed by Aubrey Lovegrove, from near Kokomo, Howard County, Indiana, December, 1940. He is not sure where he got this.

There once lived two brothers who were farmers. They put their crop out every year and shared the harvest equally until one year the older of the brothers began to find fault with the income from the farm. He felt that he was being slighted a little on the sharing, so he decided to take things into his own hands. He bargained with his brother until they reached a suitable agreement. They decided to divide the crop according to what was above the ground and what was below the ground. The older was to take what grew above the ground and the younger brother to take what grew below the ground. The first year they decided to grow turnips. When harvest time came, the older brother took what was his and the younger brother his.

The older was still not satisfied, so next time they switched the part each one was to receive. This time the older took what grew below the ground. They grew wheat this year. The same thing resulted as did the first year. The older finally became wise that he was a fool. The younger was willing to go back to the old plan of equal sharing. The brothers lived together contentedly the remainder of their lives.

(This is Type 1030, Motif K 171.1, Deceptive crop division: above the ground, below the ground; and compare Type 9, which has animals in partnership. See Boggs, JAFL XLVII (1934), 292, for a North Carolina text and several references.)

22. The Sheep Thief In The Graveyard

Contributed by Ernest Anderson, Harrison Township and County, December, 1940. "This story was told to me by my father when I was about five years old. He told me many bedtime stories, but this one I especially remember."

One time there was an old miser who was so fond of hickory nuts that he had gathered a great many and saved them from year to year. So stingy was he, that he would go hungry rather than eat the nuts. When he was about to die, he requested that his coffin be made large and that all the empty space around him be filled with his nuts.

When he died, the people did as he requested, but because the ground was frozen he had to be put in a vault. A few nights after his death two robbers met in a cemetery, and one of them said, "Where are you going, Bill?"

Bill answered, "I am going over to steal one of old man Brown's sheep. What are you going to do, John?"

John said, "Oh, I am just going over to get some of the miser's nuts. He doesn't need them now, and I am awfully hungry. I didn't think I would get down to robbing the dead."

The two men went on their way and later John returned to the church steps and began cracking nuts while he waited for Bill. The night was very cold so he had wrapped the miser's shroud around him to keep warm.

It was the custom in those days to have the sexton ring the church bell at certain times during the night. The sexton was so lame with rheumatism that he had sent his son to ring the bell on this particular night. When the boy came near the steps, he saw John, wrapped in the miser's shroud and eating hickory nuts. He ran all the way home and told his father that the miser had risen. Of course, his father wouldn't believe him, so the son carried his father on his back to the church. As they were coming up the road, John, thinking it was Bill carrying a sheep, said, "Is he fat or lean?"

The boy dropped his father and ran home. His father wasn't far behind him.

(This is Type 1791, Motif X 424, The devil in the cemetery. Compare this with the following story. Boggs, JAFI XLVII (1934), 311-312, gives several texts and references, and says the typical European form of the story has the sheep thieves; the typical American form has the boys dividing nuts in the graveyard.)

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23A. One For You And One For Me

Contributed by William A. Misch, December, 1940. He says, "A priest gave this in a sermon--at a Catholic mission in Gary, Indiana. I heard it. I was only about eight, nine years old."

Once upon a time there were two small boys who had stolen a big bag of nuts from a farmer's tree. They knew of no place besides the cemetery where they could divide them up in secret, so they went there after dark to count them. A high wall bordered the cemetery on one side, and, by chance, a man passing heard their voices. He listened sharply outside the wall and distinctly heard the voice saying, "One for you and one for me; one for you and one for me."

Terrified, the excited fellow raced home and locked all doors and windows in the house. His surprised wife asked, "What's the matter?" The poor fellow replied, "Glory above! the world's coming to an end. Even now the Lord and the Devil are dividing up the souls!"

23B. One For You And One For Me

Contributed by Aubrey Lovegrove, from near Kokomo, Howard County, Indiana, December, 1940. He says, "I think I heard this story seven years ago from an old man."

One night in late fall, a Negro was walking along a road which led to the community's cemetery. He was walking along the cemetery and all at once he heard some voices. He stopped to listen. He could not hear what they were saying, so he decided to get a little closer. He went a little closer and hid behind a tree.

He could not see the persons that were talking, but he could hear them. He could hear one of them say, "Here's one for me, and here's one for you; another for me, and another for you."

The old fellow did not quite know what to make of it, but he did come to one conclusion: he thought the voices were from ghosts who were dividing the dead. The old Negro made tracks from the cemetery. The next day he returned to see if they had divided the dead, but all he could see that was unusual about the graveyard was two piles of walnuts.

(See note to No. 22. Add: P. G. Brewster, "Folk-Tales from Indiana and Missouri," FL L (1939), 299-300, which has an Indiana text and full references to this form of the story.)

24. Getting The Sponge For His Brother

Dictated to H. H. by Mrs. L. L. Aveline, 75, of Marion, Indiana, May 9, 1942, at Bloomington, Indiana. "I heard that at least forty years ago."

So then he (the Irishman) got another job washin' windows, and they were up on the scaffold--many stories--you'll have to put it up as many as you want to. They were on one of these scaffolds--each one had to stand to balance the other--you understand that? Get the picture of it. So the brother dropped his sponge, and this first one says, "I'll get it for you." And he stepped off the scaffold-- but his brother beat him to it.

You get the point? When he stepped off the scaffold, it tipped, and his brother fell.

(This belongs to a whole group of stories in which the numskull falls, Motif J 2133 and its many subdivisions. The editor can locate no published reference, but he had heard or read this story before.)

25. Roots And All!

Dictated to H. H. by Ray Mattingley, 24, (graduate student) at Indiana University, May 15, 1941.

One I told a while ago (in class) my father-in-law told me as an actual happening. That he had left a boy to do some digging of dandelions in his yard with specific instructions that he get them up--roots and all. When he came back an hour later, the boy was reaching in a deep hole in the bank--terrace of the front yard, that sort of thing--his arm clear up to the shoulder--for the ends of the dandelion roots.

(This story belongs to the stories about literal fools and particularly to Motif J 2465, Disastrous following of instructions. It has resemblances also to K 1416, Type 1011, Tearing up the orchard.)

STORIES ABOUT WORK AND PEOPLE

Satirical stories about conditions of work, about the man doing the hiring, about doctors, lawyers, politicians, teachers and preachers, about the miller and the blacksmith, the butcher, the baker, and people of other trades--were told in Europe in the Middle Ages and are still told today. But today some are varied to fit the assembly line, the absent-minded professor at the local college, the milkman, and members of the other political party. Such perennials as jokes on farmers, lawyers, preachers, and butchers, still flourish. And there still is laughter, not always unkind, about married life, the town drunk, the old maid, or some physical disability. The handful of stories in this section barely skims the surface.

26. The Man Who Was Never Tired Or Hungry

Contributed by Vern Chelton, of Gary, Indiana, December, 1940.

A merchant was looking for a man who never got tired of work or hungry for food. Joe answered that he was just the man to fill the position.

About two hours before dinner the merchant noticed Joe eating. "I thought you never got hungry," said the merchant.

"I don't," replied Joe, "I eat before I get hungry and rest before I get tired."

(See E. M. Wilson, "Some Humorous English Folk Tales," FL XLIX (1938), 185-186. This is one of the forms of Type 1561, Motif W 111.2.6, The boy eats breakfast, dinner, and supper one immediately after the other; then lies down to sleep. See A. H. Fauset, "Tales and Riddles Collected in Philadelphia," JAFL XLI (1928), 548; Z. Hurston, "Dance Songs and Tales from the Bahamas," JAFL XLIII (1930), 305; H. Zunker, "A New Mexican Village," JAFL XLVIII (1935), 177.

27. Labor Saving

Dictated to H. H. by Mrs. L. L. Aveline, 75, of Marion, Indiana, May 9, 1942, at Bloomington, Indiana.

One Irishman was always getting a job and losing it. And whenever he got a job he'd get his brother in or his father. And one time they asked him what his brother could do--they didn't know whether they could take him or not--and they asked, "What can your brother do?" And he says, "Oh, he

can do anything I can do." And so they took him on. Then he wanted to get his father on the same job, and they said, "What can he do?" and he says, "Oh, he can do as much as both of us." So they fired both of 'em and took the father.

(There is a variant of this from Delaware County, N. Y., in the Halpert ms. It belongs to the general group of Talkative fools, J 2350-2369, where there are some close, but not exact, parallels.)

"Grandpa used to tell that," Miss Aveline said of the next story, "and just laugh uproariously. He'd tell it at family gatherings, dinners--(laughing) I guess whenever he could get an audience. He came from Guilford County, North Carolina.

28. "Oh, Anybody, Lord!"

Dictated to H. H. by Mildred Aveline, of Grant County, Indiana, May 8, 1942, at Bloomington, Indiana.

Grandpa Lindsey told a story of a dejected old maid who had not as yet acquired a husband. She went out to the woods in her desolation and sat under a tree. Overhead the owl said, "Who! who!" Whereupon the old maid replied, "Oh, anybody, Lord!"

(For a Negro text, also from Guilford County, see E. C. Parsons, "Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina," JAFI XXX (1917), 194, No. 29, second version. Add: A. W. Eddins, "Anecdotes from the Brazos Bottoms," PTFIS XIII (1937), 97-98, from Texas. This belongs under Motif, X 750, Jokes on old maids, compare Type 1476 and ff.; but it is also a form of J 1811.1, Owl's hoot misunderstood.)

The two variants of the next story were secured on the same day and almost accidentally. Professor Thompson made the following comments about his story:

"I used to know a girl in my town who did this thing as a performance--in Springfield, Kentucky, about '95. It's funny about the formula--that's one of the things I remember. She had to change her mouth each time to say it. That by-play is one of the things I remember most. Oh, usually out on young people's parties; they'd call on her to do it. People used to go in for elocution in my day--especially the young girls of teen age. They liked to perform. Some girls played pieces on the piano and some girls recited. Too bad if you didn't do one or the other of those. I've no idea where she got this. She had a repertory of other things--she could 'speak pieces' of various kinds."

29A. The Wry-Mouthed Family

Dictated to H. H. by Professor Stith Thompson, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, May 19, 1942.

There was once a family in which there were four daughters with crooked mouths. One of them had her mouth that went like this (projecting upper lip over lower), and she talked down. And the other one had her mouth that went like this (projecting lower lip over upper), and she talked up. And the other one talked out of the right side of her mouth (twisting mouth to right), and the other one talked out of the left side of her mouth (twisting mouth to left).

There was a young man came around to see the girls, and the oldest girl said it would be a good idea to blow out the lamp when he was there so as to encourage him. So the oldest daughter says to her sister, "That lamp's smokin'"-- (she talks out of the top of her mouth) "won't you blow it out?" The other sister says, (talking upward) "Well, I will." "Well, I wish you would."

That's repeated about three or four times. Then she goes to blow out the lamp, and she blows like this (blowing upward several times) and can't blow the lamp out. This is repeated absolutely word for word for the sister who blows out of the left side of her mouth and for the sister who blows out of the right side of her mouth.

When they all fail--she doesn't try--she turns to the boy and says, "John, won't you blow it out?" He takes one puff and blows it out. (Oldest sister speaks) "That's what comes of college education."

Miss Tower's version was learned in the very odd setting of a student beauty contest. It is one of the few instances of which the editor has heard in which a folktale was used before a large public audience.

"I heard this told at an Arbutus Beauty contest by a law student. He was master-of-ceremonies. He told it, of course, very elaborately--because he was a law student; besides he was master-of-ceremonies! The audience was composed of students.

"I've heard it other places before, here around town. I heard it at a dance once. At the theatre the audience expressed its complete disapproval--by not laughing at all. They thought it was 'corny.'"

29B. The Wry-Mouthed Family

Dictated to H. H. by Margaret Tower, Indiana University,
Bloomington, Indiana, May 19, 1942.

Once a travelling salesman stopped at a farmhouse at night. He asked them if they could give him a room--I guess the farmer came to the door first, and he said, "I guess I'll have to ask Martha"--that's his wife. He talked like this (twisting mouth to left and talking out of corner). So Martha came and he asked her. And she talked out of the side of her mouth like this (twisting mouth to right and talking out of corner). And Martha, of course, decided they'd have to ask the son; and he talked like this (projecting lower jaw out, and protruding lower lip). And he thought they'd better ask the sister, and she talked like this (protruding upper lip and pulling lower jaw back).

They decided to let him have the room, and they took him up to the room carrying the candle. (And at this point the M. C. lit a match and held it through the rest of the story until the end.) So when they got up to the room, the father tried to blow the candle out. (Blowing out of left corner). And he couldn't. So the mother tried (blowing out of right corner), and then the brother tried (blowing air upward), and the sister tried (blowing air down). Then the salesman said, "Here, let me do it." And he puffed his cheeks out--and put it out with his fingers.

(For a Massachusetts variant see C. Johnson, "The Twist-Mouth Family," JAFI XVIII (1905), 322-323. This is very similar to our A text, which is the one Professor Thompson mentions having heard in Kentucky in his note to Motif X 131, The wry-mouthed family.)

The teller of the next story is from northeastern Indiana, but her people are originally from North Carolina. The story is told of a particular relative, and the teller was anxious that no names be used. She was, in fact, very much embarrassed, and rather skeptical at my insistence that the story is actually a folktale. When she finally dictated it, she told it hurriedly and in a much more restrained and compressed fashion than when she had first told it some weeks before.

30. Am I Or Am I Not?

Dictated to H. H., April 27, 1942, Bloomington, Indiana.

He was brought up very religiously, very strictly, but he went to town one Saturday night, having learned to like something or other--not champagne--tanked up a little too freely, and on waking the next morning in his cart, looked around--discovered there was no horse. Whereupon he said: "Am I John Doe or am I not? If I am, I've lost a good horse, and if I'm not, I've gained a good cart!"

(For a Negro variant of this, told as an "Irishman" story, see A. M. Bacon and E. C. Parsons, "Folk-Lore from Elizabeth City County, Va.," JAPL XXXV (1922), 309. This belongs in the group of Motifs from X 800 ff., Humor based on drunkenness; but it is also related to J 1012, Person does not know himself, where we find many parallel stories.)

Carl Sandburg told the editor that he was collecting Heaven's Gate stories, of which the next two are examples.

31. At Heaven's Gate

Contributed by Mira L. Glass, of Bloomington, Indiana, November 26, 1940. She says, "This comes from Springfield, Massachusetts, between 1930-36. Curley was several times mayor of Boston, and also state governor, in the early 1930's--a Bay State 'Kingfish.'"

One day Jim Curley died. He went straight to the gates of Heaven and knocked loudly. St. Peter peered out, but failed to recognize the newcomer. "Who are you?" he asked.--"I'm Curley--Curley of Massachusetts." But St. Peter still did not know him and so hurried back to his office to search through his records. The saint was gone a long, long time, and when he returned Curley was gone--and so were the pearly gates.

32. At Heaven's Gate

Contributed by Mira L. Glass, who says, "This story was told by a man of about fifty after he had heard the one about Curley."

As God was sitting on his throne one day, the Angel Gabriel came in to announce the arrival of George Washington in Heaven. "Good," said God. "Tell him to sit at my left." A few days later Abraham Lincoln came to Heaven, and God was pleased to give him the seat at the right of the throne. In

a little while, however, Gabriel came hesitantly to the throne room and stood fidgeting with the hem of his robe. "Speak up, Gabe, speak up!" urged God. "Well, God, I hate to tell you, but you'll have to move over--Teddy Roosevelt's here."

(Jokes on politicians are, in general, related to the series of jokes on lawyers, Motif X 310 and ff.)

OTHER STORIES

In this miscellaneous section we have placed two folktales that do not quite fit into our previous groups. These stories have European affiliations, as do so many of the preceding tales.

33. Choice Of A Maid Servant

Contributed December, 1940, by Jack Culley who says, "This is one of my uncle's favorite stories. He lives in Columbus, Indiana."

A man's wife was in need of a maid servant, so she asked a number of girls to come to her house that she might choose the one that suited her. When the woman's husband heard that his wife was going to get a new servant, he said, "I will show you how to choose a good one." The man laid a broom in the middle of the walk by which the girls had to come to the house, and he and his wife watched them as they came. The first girl who came kicked the broom aside. The man and woman realized from the actions of the first girl that she wouldn't be a good worker because she couldn't bend her back. The next girl who came jumped over the broom. The man and woman then realized by the actions of the second girl that she wouldn't be a good worker because she would skip her work. The last girl who came picked the broom up and set it in a corner out of the way. Then the man and his wife realized that she was the right girl because she'd be careful, industrious, and tidy. So the third girl was given the job.

(See Addy, p. 13. Leather, p. 86, says, "It was the custom to place a broom on the floor if a maid servant came to seek a situation; if she picked it up, she would be engaged; if not, she was sent going promptly." This story should be compared with Type 1452, Which of three sisters shall the youth choose? Motif H 381.2, Bride test: thrifty cutting of cheese, Grimm, No. 155. For this form see Bacon and Parsons, JAFI XXXV (1922), 300.)

34A. A Story Without An End

Contributed by Ernest W. Anderson, of Harrison Township and County, December, 1940. He says, "This is another bedtime story that was told to me by my father when I was about five years old."

Once there was a king who was so fond of stories that he offered his daughter and half his fortune to any man who could tell him a story without an end. Anyone who failed was beheaded. Many tried and failed. At last a young man named Vincent Lurved approached the king and said he could tell a story without an end. The king said, "If you can, you win my daughter and half my fortune; if you can't, you lose your head. You must tell the story from dawn till noon. You can have an hour off at noon and then must start again, telling until night. You can stop to drink any time, but if you stall for as long as five minutes, you will die. If you still want to try, begin!"

This is the story Vincent told: "Once there was a man who built a very large barn. Five years were spent in building it. The barn was filled with corn and closed except for a small opening near the roof. Soon after the barn was filled a locust came and got a grain of corn. Another locust came and got another grain of corn." He kept repeating this last sentence over and over until the king finally decided the story had no end. Vincent received his reward and the king never asked for another endless story again.

34B. A Story Without An End

Contributed by Jack Culley, December, 1940. He says, "This is a story that my uncle, Mr. Huffer, has told me many times. He said his father told it to him, and he expects that his grandfather told it to his father. My uncle is from Columbus, Indiana, but lived all his younger days at Oden, Indiana."

Once upon a time there was a king who had a very beautiful daughter. Many princes wished to marry her, but the king said she would marry the one who could tell him an endless tale, and the person who couldn't would be beheaded. Many men tried, but failed, and were beheaded. But one day a poor man, who had heard of what the king had said, came to him and wanted to try his luck. The king agreed, and the poor man started his tale like this:

"There was once a man who built a barn that covered many, many acres, and that reached almost to the sky. He left just one hole the size of an ant at the bottom of the barn, and then he filled the barn with corn to the top. When the barn was filled, there came an ant through the hole at

the bottom and carried away one grain of corn, and then another ant came and carried away another grain of corn." And so the poor man went on saying, "Then another ant came and carried away another grain of corn," for a long time. After a long time of this the king got very tired and said the tale was endless, and told the poor man he might marry his daughter.

These are forms of Type 2300, Motif Z 11 Endless tales. See Addy, p. 15, and Sandburg, pp. 205-206 (locusts and grains of corn); A. M. Espinosa, "Pueblo Indian Folk Tales," JAFI XLIX (1936), 101-103 (ants and grains of wheat); Zunzer, JAFI XLVIII (1935), 169-170 (sheep crossing river).)

Indiana University Herbert Halpert

FOLKLORE BIBLIOGRAPHY AND APPREVIATIONS

Throughout this Bulletin references have been placed in parentheses after each story. To save space, books and journals that appear more than once have been abbreviated: books by author's last name, journals by initials. Important articles are given the first time with author's name, full title, and abbreviated journal reference; after that the article title is omitted.

To date, the most important collections of Indiana folklore have been two excellent folksong publications which should be in the hands of all Indiana folklorists:

Brewster, Paul G., Ballads and Songs of Indiana. (Indiana University Folklore Series, No. 1) Bloomington: Indiana University (c. 1940). \$2.50.

Wolford, Leah Jackson, The Play Party in Indiana. Indianapolis: The Indiana Historical Commission, 1916.

Except for an article by Mr. Brewster, no folktale collections have appeared. This is the more surprising since Professor Stith Thompson's Type and Motif classification of folktale are internationally accepted and used in most of the European folklore archives. In this Bulletin:

Motif refers to the number in Thompson, Motif-Index of Folk-Literature, Helsinki and Bloomington, 1932-37. The volumes appeared both as numbers of the FT Communications and of the Indiana University Studies.

Type refers to the number in Aarne and Thompson's The Types of the Folktale, Helsinki, 1928 (Folklore Fellows Communications, No. 74). This volume is essential for the collector as well as for the student since it gives a key to the folktales of northern and western Europe, of which our

English-speaking tradition is a part. (Copies obtainable from Prof. S. Thompson, \$2.50; bound, \$3.00.) Later Type indices have been made for individual areas, and appear chiefly in FF Communications.

A considerable body of folktales has appeared in scholarly journals, memoir series, or annual volumes. These are abbreviated in the notes as follows:

FL, Folk-Lore (published in England); JAFL, The Journal of American Folklore; MAFL, Memoirs of the American Folklore Society; PTFLS, Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society; SFQ, Southern Folklore Quarterly; TFSB, Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin. The JAFL is the most important of these.

English and American books referred to:

- Addy, S. O., Household Tales. London, 1895.
- Boatright, M. C., Tall Tales from Texas. Dallas (c. 1934). o. p.
- Chambers, R., Popular Rhymes of Scotland. London; Edinburgh, 1870.
- Fauset, A. H., Folklore from Nova Scotia. (MAFL XXVI.)
- Halliwell, J. O., Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales. London, 1849.
- Henderson, W., Notes on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties (with an appendix on Household Stories). London, 1866.
- Hurston, Z. N., Mules and Men. Philadelphia, 1935. (Lippincott.)
- Jacobs, J., English Fairy Tales. New York, 1893. (Putnam's.)
- Johnson, C., What They Say in New England. Boston, 1896. o. p.
- Leather, E. M., The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire, Hereford and London, 1912.
- Sandburg, C., The People, Yes. New York (c. 1936). (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2.50.)
- Shephard, E., Paul Bunyan. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. New York (c. 1924). (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2.50.)
- Thomas, L., Tall Stories. New York, 1931. (Funk and Wagnalls.)
- Thompson, H. W., Body, Boots and Britches. Philadelphia, 1940. (J. B. Lippincott, \$3.50.)

For further discussion and references on the cante fable, see H. Halpert, "The Cante Fable in Decay," SFQ V (1941), 191-200.

For tall tales, the best sources are Thomas, Boat-right, H. W. Thompson, and Hurston. Mrs. Shephard's is the best book on Paul Bunyan.

For fools and Irishman stories, the best background book is W. A. Clouston, The Book of Noodles, London, 1888. There are good collections in the articles by Boggs, Brewster and Waugh. Important Negro collections of Irishman stories are in the article by Bacon and Parsons and in Fauset.

For European folktales in America, see the Boggs article. Negro versions of these tales are in the many articles and books by E. C. Parsons; see Boggs for bibliography. See also E. E. Gardner's Folklore from the Schoharie Hills, New York, Ann Arbor, 1937, a scholarly and important work.

Unfortunately, most of the collections of folktales made in England are out of print. Addy is the most authentic. The Jacobs book draws most of its material from older sources such as Chambers, Halliwell, and Henderson. Although the tales are rewritten for children, it is an important work and is still available.

Grimms' Household Tales is important as the foundation of folktale study. The best translation is by Margaret Hunt, in two volumes, London and New York, 1892.

The best general bibliography on American folksong and folklore classified by region and type is by Alan Lomax and Sidney Robertson Cowell: American Folk Song and Folk Lore, and can be obtained for 25¢ from the Progressive Education Association, 221 West 57 Street, New York City. This is an excellent guide, informal and informative, for practical use.

For an individual or library starting with limited funds to build up a folklore library, emphasizing the folktale, the editor would recommend H. W. Thompson's delightful survey of folklore in New York State, and Z. N. Hurston's collection of Florida Negro tales. Shephard, Thomas, Fauset and S. Thompson's Type-Index should follow. Carl Sandburg's volume is an unsuspected source for many excellent tales. Then, if funds permit, get a volume or two of PTFLS; perhaps Nos. 7 and 10; and some of the more important numbers of JAFL. A library seriously interested in a generally useful collection is strongly urged to subscribe to JAFL (\$4.00--see Announcements); PTFLS (\$2.50); SFQ (\$2.50); TFSB (\$1.00--for individual membership). Back numbers of many of these are still obtainable, and remain the chief repositories for folktales and other kinds of folklore in America. Note: The new California Folklore Quarterly (\$4.00) was not examined in time for reference in this Bulletin.